

The Auratiss



JUNE ————— 1913

THE ULATIS

**Published by the
Students of**

Vacaville Union High School



VACAVILLE, CALIFORNIA

June, 1913

*With happy remembrance
this issue of the Ulatis is dedicated
to
Miss Ethel Campbell
our kind instructor for
two years past*

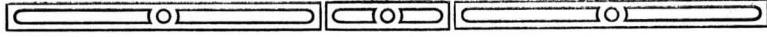


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LITERARY

The Legend of the Ulatis.

LELAND TURNER, '14.

SITTING CLOUD, motionless, expressionless, gazed out over the broad expanse of valley. At his feet lay the huddled tepees of the Indian village; beyond, stretched for miles the sloping plain, unbroken save where an occasional stream wended its hesitating way, twisting and turning as rendered necessary by impedimenta in the soil. Behind him lay the mountain tops, an unbroken chain of torturous steeps as far as the eye could reach.

The old chief's heart was heavy. For Kea-Wa-Hah, God of Waters, was displeased. The visible signs of his wrath were present in the fast-darkening heavens, and the rumblings and light flashes which rendered evidence of the approaching storm.

Many moons had passed and summers vanished over the bowed head and bent figure of the old chieftain. Not in one of them had ever the waters of the deity been poured down upon the earth while the sun at noon-time still stood straight above the lone pine on Putah-Bukah.

"Alas for the tribe of the Suisunes," ran in the mind of the venerable Sitting Cloud; "Kea-Wa-Hah is sore displeased; "upon whom will his wrath fall?"

* * * * *

A little band of horsemen rode slowly along the banks of a small stream. At their head, tall, erect, alert, in all the regalia of approaching chieftaincy, rode the proud Ulatis, eldest son and only heir of the noble Sitting Cloud. Brave in battle, imperious in peace, in the council of the warriors was none more headed than he. In all a most fitting successor to the mighty man of old was this doughty warrior, scion of a noble race.

Ulatis suddenly drew rein, his uplifted hand indicated the changing cloud effects. The young bucks gazed wonderingly at this unusual spectacle. A peal of thunder came dimly from where mountain top and cloud seemed welded into one.

With one accord the band set their horses in motion. Now began the race. Mile after mile the foaming horses dashed madly on. The sky grew darker and darker. At length a blackness of inpenetrability settled about the fleeting horsemen. A few scattering drops fell, then began a steady downpour. Nearer and nearer to the ford drew the flying cavalcade. Now they are but a few feet

from the place of safety. Another half-minute and they will have crossed the rapidly-rising stream. Suddenly the black mount of Ulatis' slips, he falls. In an instant the others dash by, are across—safe.

A few seconds pass. The valiant charger struggles to his feet, places a foot in the stream, reaches the middle, half walking, half floating. A terrific peal, awful in its nearness, emanated from above. Ulatis looks up. The very heavens themselves seemed to have turned to a sheet of water. He makes a last desperate attempt to reach the bank, but too late. The descending cloud-burst envelops horse and rider as completely as though swallowed by the darkness of the Stygian cave.

The wrath of Kea-Wa-Hah, God of Waters, had been appeased. The valiant Ulatis was the sacrifice. In honor of his bravery, the stream which had been the unwitting cause of his death was by the tribesmen given his name, lasting to the present day.



To Our High School Course

Much we have labored in these grim old, halls,
 Much have we studied in our high school course,
 Rehearsing speeches, oft till we were hoarse;
 At length becoming faint—blank grew the walls,
 And sudden could we hear those distant calls,
 But were unable to define their source.
 That brought regret—and then remorse;
 Led forth to duty we obeyed the calls.
 Though you be troubled with cares of life,
 And almost endless seem your many tasks,
 Ne'er through your work a trait of weakness show,
 But be courageous to the end of strife;
 When some one of your life a question asks,
 Let it be said, "Of him no faults we know."

J. R. Mc., '13.

A Visit to Vacaville in 1933.

PEARLE V. WILLIAMS, '15.

CHE afternoon was warm, and as I raised the car window the breeze refreshed me. It was many years since I had visited Vacaville, and as I saw the familiar fruit orchards, I turned my thoughts to the past.

Half in a day dream I turn my face to the window —. What is this? I don't recollect a clearing as large as this! I remember, of course, how very foolish of me to forget the aeroplane meet, but the train is slowing up, and who is this that is borne on the shoulders of the enthusiastic crowd? George Buckingham! Can it be? Yet I have read of his fame as a birdman. Dear me! how changed.

As the train moves on, I sit and dream. Presently the train stops, Vacaville is reached at last, and I almost regret that I did not take the electric cars. When I turn the corner, the street car is about to start. Very much surprised I quickly board the car and find a seat. I gaze pensively at the unfamiliar houses and puzzle over the change. Suddenly a fine, high pitched voice shouts in my ear, "Fare please." Startled I turn and face the conductor and behold "Timmy Farrell" radiant in a uniform of blue. So Timmy had turned against the wheels of fate, and really graduated from High school. I arrive at my destination, and while standing on the corner uncertain which way to turn, an auto rolls and stops, and a familiar voice calls "Hello Kid." Then a blonde-haired young lady chides me for not recognizing her. Then I recognize her, Gladys Nay, my old chum, whom I have come to visit. We arrive at her home and after depositing my grips, we start on a short ride before dinner.

Here on the corner is a large stone building, surrounded by a beautiful garden. Surprised, I am about to ask what it is, when the sign catches my eye, "Nicol and January, Private Hospital." So Clemmie and Dot have carried out their plans. As we drive up in front of a large imposing building, I see the newly completed bank, and I am informed that Walter Stark is treasurer and Elma Mahler is the president.

Next, is the large department store owned by Stanley Blake, and we stop and Gladys goes in to shop. I gaze idly at the window where the head book-keeper sits, and as she turns her head I look into the face of my old commercial chum—Alice Duncan.

Gladys returns, and we drive up to the steps of the New High School, truly a most magnificent building. We walk up the steps and knock at the door of the Principal's office, Victor Wallen opens the door, very much changed, but certainly Victor. So Victor has profited by asking Miss Owen "foolish questions," of which he was so fond. Wonders will never cease. Presently I go to the commercial department where I had spent so many busy

hours. Frowning severely in the chair I recognize—Loa Reniger. I am mistaken, I thought she had carried out the plan of her tender heart and established a home for "Homeless cats and dogs."

Hearing the click of a broken type-writer, I glance curiously into the typing room, a short man with glasses on, is industriously mending a broken machine. Why, it is Daniel Buckley. So he has followed out his favorite pastime. After hearing the short-hand class, I proceed to the English room where I had wrestled dispairingly with Julius Caesar. A well remembered voice is saying sternly, "The giggling must be stopped, I have a number of pumpkin seeds here, already." Evidently, "pumpkins seeds" are still as popular as when I trod the halls of dear old V. H. S. The person giving this information, proves to be Helena, mischievous Schmidt, how she must have changed.

Gladys, who is now the head reporter for the Vacaville Reporter, has finished her errand and we again enter the car to return home. How changed it all is! A freshly painted sign catches my eye, as it gleams forth triumphantly "Marjorie Allen, Attorney-at-Law."

On arriving home, lunch is prepared, after which we lounge about in the drawing room. I pick up a Vacaville Reporter, it has lately changed hands, and is now owned by Miss Dorothy White. As I glance down the personal column, I read:

" Senator Edwin Uhl has just returned from Europe.

" Doctor Oscar Garlichs has just returned from an extended visit to the south, and he will now take his place as head doctor of 'Nicol and January, Private Hospital.'

" The famous scientist, Mayme Brewer, has lately returned from Africa, where she has made a successful search for an enemy of the fly.

" The celebrated American opera singer, Edward Holcombe, left for Spain to sing before his Majesty."

Now I turn to the advertising section, and read:

" Turner & Coulter, Detective Agency.

" Stanley Dobbins, Justice of the Peace.

" Gladys Crawford, Physical Culture.

" Russel Wight, Novelty Theatre.

" Stephen Roloff, St. Francis Hotel."

I drop the paper and walk to the window where the moon sheds its soft light on the new V. H. S. It is a beautiful building, but it cannot and does not hold the charm for me as the old school did. For it held the memories of the happiest days of my girlhood, memories of familiar faces, well remembered voices, all of which is passed. Realizing that I am very sleepy, I bid the folks "Goodnight" and retire.

The Passing.

LELAND TURNER, '14

MERRY DEL RAMPOLLA, Bishop of Altiens, lay dying. Henri de Ratjean, Physician to the Body, had so declared and Henri was not to be gainsaid, for had not he been present at the passing of the last of the Bourbons and administered to his earthly desires while the Papal Legate administered to his spiritual well-being? Had not he with his own hands closed the glazed eyes and covered from the profane gaze the stiff form of authority, silent for all eternity? In truth, Henri had escorted royalty to the brink, and was now purposing to aid the good churchman in his endeavors for celestial glory.

But Merry del Rampolla willed otherwise. Not for infirmity in the hour of need had he been advanced from acolyte to priest and from the brotherhood to the episcopacy, impelled over age and learning to the seat of power in the Church of his Fathers. Not from defeat in the trials and troubles of a life of activity would he come to the battle—the Battle of Life—faint-hearted and weak with a soul of forebodings.

For the good bishop in sooth was averse to departing this life. Troublous and stormy as had been his career, yet the certainty it had afforded imbued itself firmly as a part and parcel of the fitness of things, and loath indeed was his Grace to have personal equanimity destroyed by any act of his, optional or involuntary. Thus the Passing, an act of transition compulsory in fact, aroused the resentment and anon the resistance of this decaying pillar of the Holy Church.

So arrived at the crisis, racked with bodily pain, in the silence of fortitude the soon-to-be-dissolved bishop listen to de Ratjean's exhortations and heeded them not. De Ratjean, pale, grave of mien, darted about with all the appearance of a falcon, his restless glance traveling rapidly from one to another of the persons at the bedside; but never for long straying from the white set face of the stricken prelate.

The nurse glided with noiseless footsteps about the room, arranging here, changing there, and then in answer to a look or gesture from Henri, tiptoed to the bedside and administered to the reluctant bishop. The little group gathered at the side of the bed were silent, almost motionless; their faces tense with anxiety and the suspense of waiting. The silence in the room was almost oppressive.

* * * * *

The clock in the great Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception chimed the hour of midnight. The watchman from his solitary post at the gate heard the mournful sound and turned to gaze with almost a shudder at the half-darkened room with its awful suggestion of agony and suffering and—death.

The nurse woke from a fitful slumber and gazed half-stupefiedly around her, then rose languidly and silently crossed to the bedside. The other watchers stirred at her approach and de Ratjean, from his chair by the medicine-table, raised his head and imperceptibly beckoned to her.

A low moan escaped the sufferer's lips. He turned restlessly about and weakly moved his head from side to side. The nurse softly smoothed the rumpled pillow and placed to the bishop's lips the potion which de Ratjean passed to her. A shudder passed through the bishop's body. He gasped faintly, stiffening with pain. His clenched fingers caught at the coverlet, gripped it tenaciously, then relaxed. His eyes, partly open, closed slowly; his head sank back on the pillow rolled to one side. His lips moved. De Ratjean bending low to catch the whispered accents, placed a hand on his pulse. A moment passed. Henri slowly lifted his head, his face white; slowly, reverently covered the breathless form; then turned and with bowed head stepped softly from the bedside.

Merry del Rampolla, Bishop of Altiens, lay dead.



The Sonnet

Sonnet! the best of work, that through a shroud
Not of hate only, but negligence shrewd,
Guided by superhuman fortitude,
To light and English Three thy way hast found,
And, in the hearts of care free Junior crowd
Hast made ambition, and their minds imbu'd,
While midnight oil, with words to rhyme accru'd,
And metric scheme, to conquer thee, hast vow'd,
Yet, should perfection still more distant seem,
And to attain its future destination,
No whit less surely for its own dear sake,
Which is the aim of each and every dream,
It shall not serve to crush determination,
To do the best, however long it take.

ALMA NELSON.

Jack Wells' Discovery.

JEWEL DENNIS, '14.

CHAPTER I

JULY days are warm and uncomfortable in central California, but the evenings are cool. After supper the family usually gather on the porch to enjoy the refreshing breeze after the hot day's work.

On such an evening the five members of the Wells family were assembled on the front porch of their modern, yet not luxurious home—the home over which a heavy mortgage hung. Several years of failure, and Mr. Wells' determination to keep his three children in school, had reduced things to a critical condition, but every member of the family strove hard to help and each always wore a cheerful smile.

This evening as they sat on the porch, Mr. Wells with his daily paper, Mrs. Wells dozing in the hammock, Jack, a bright and handsome boy of seventeen, reading Stevenson's "Treasure Island," Grace and May, pretty girls of nineteen and fifteen, respectively, picking out some popular music which they wished to send for, you would never suspect that any trouble hovered over them.

Jack read the last pages of his book and then sat looking up at the sky.

"I don't see why some good luck like that couldn't drop down at my feet as well as at Jim Hawkins'," he mused. "Of course I don't expect to search for a 'Treasure Island' and be captured by pirates,—but why not go out into the world and seek some adventure? I might find my fortune. I know I save father fifty dollars a month by helping on the ranch during the summer, and of course he wants me to finish high school before studying law. Now, if I could find something to do that would pay more than fifty dollars a month, I could satisfy my own desires for something more exciting than a ranch life, and still help father."

Two weeks later Jack rushed in upon the family, wild with excitement.

"Father! Mother! Girls! Guess what I've got! Oh, it's worth a fortune! I'm as good as rich!"

"For the love of the stars and stripes, tell us what you are talking about," demanded Grace, in a calm tone.

"Well, Sis, I'll bet you wouldn't look so unconcerned if some one had made a grand proposal to you," retorted Jack.

"Goodness, you don't mean to say some pretty girl has proposed to you?" gasped May.

"No. But some fellow did. A friend of Mr. Lancaster's, whom I met this morning," replied Jack.

"What did he propose, Jack? Please tell us all about it. I am becoming interested," said his father.

"He proposed that I, Jack Wells, should accompany him to Georgia and enter his law office as clerk, and that he would coach me in my studies free of charge and give me sixty dollars for my service. Now, if that's not enough to excite a fellow who is crazy to travel, even if it is no further than the southern part of the United States, I don't know what is. Besides, you know I have always dreamed of living on a southern plantation."

"Do you really wish to go so much?" asked Mrs. Wells.

"Want to go! Mother, need you ask such a question? Of course I want to go, and with your permission and father's I am going," replied Jack.

"What would we ever do without you?" protested Grace.

But Jack had an argument for all complaints and before he went to bed it was settled that on the following Monday he should start for Georgia with Mr. Brown, his employer.

CHAPTER II.

A month later Jack sat before his office desk with a piece of paper before him which evidently was puzzling. At last he turned to his employer and said, "Mr. Brown, how under the sun did Mr. Edwin Lincoln happen to send me this invitation to join a hunting party of which he is the host? Why, I have never seen him."

Mr. Brown turned to Jack and smiled. "You have heard of him, haven't you?" he asked.

"Yes, certainly, I've heard that his father is the wealthiest man of the county, and that he owns the grandest estate of several counties, and that he is one of your best friends," answered Jack.

"Exactly," replied Mr. Brown. "And I told Edwin to invite you, and you have the invitation, haven't you? If you get acquainted with him you will be able to enter society and have some fun along with your work."

"Then I shall go," said Jack.

Three mornings later, Jack, fitted out in an up-to-date hunting suit, rode up the grand avenue of the Lincoln home. As he came in sight of the house he saw several boys of his own age standing on the veranda.

"Here he comes," said one, as Jack came into view.

Mr. Lincoln came forward and greeted Jack very cordially. "I am very glad to entertain a friend of my father's friend and hope you shall enjoy yourself. These are my chums from school," introducing Jack to the boys.

The boys set out for the woods at once. The day was spent in hunting small game in which all the boys were successful. On the way home Jack found himself riding beside his host, whom he had come to like very much.

As they came in sight of the estate Jack said to his companion: "I never saw such an ideal place in my life. You must be the proudest young man in the state."

"Well, I have the name," said Edwin, "but I'm not as proud as people think."

"I didn't mean it that way," said Jack. "But to change the subject, has the estate always been in your family?"

"I don't know much about it," answered Edwin. "I believe my great grandmother first owned it. She had two married daughters, who each had a son, but the eldest daughter died before my great grandmother, and her son was sent west to live with his father's people; his father being dead also, and all trace of him is lost. Therefore, my grandmother became heiress and then my father the heir. But I often wonder what became of my father's cousin, and moreover, I wonder if father would give up this estate if he should ever make his appearance, for of course if he is alive it belongs to him as he is the oldest. But as his mother had made a low marriage, he was never allowed to come here; therefore, he never learned of his birthright. But why am I telling you this? It doesn't interest you, besides father doesn't wish any one to know it," broke off Edwin.

"Your are mistaken; it does interest me," said Jack. But Edwin failed to understand the significance of Jack's words.

CHAPTER III.

Two weeks later Jack rang the bell at Mr. Lincoln's and was admitted to that gentleman's presence.

"I am sorry, Jack, that Edwin is not in, but—."

"I have come to see you today, Mr. Lincoln," said Jack quickly, "and on some very important business."

"Oh, then be seated," invited Mr. Lincoln, wondering what Jack could want.

"Mr. Lincoln," commenced Jack in a business like tone, "the other day while making some changes in the recording of your deeds to this place, I accidentally came upon a will of your mother's to be read at your death, in case you had no heirs. If this should be the case the property was to fall to your cousin, a man who lives in California. From what I learned in a conversation with Edwin upon the subject of the heirs of this place, and from the stories my father has told me of his childhood, I know that he is the rightful heir."

During this speech Mr. Lincoln had become pale as death. But now he sprang to his feet, snatched a revolver from the table at which he was sitting, and covered Jack.

"You thief! You dog! You never shall betray me," he exclaimed in a voice thick with anger.

"Father, put that pistol down," commanded Edwin, as he rushed into the room. "What does this mean anyway," he asked, looking from one to the other.

"It means that we have lost the estate if that young man is not put out of the way," explained his father. "And I mean to do it."

"Then I am right, the estate belongs to my father," said Jack eagerly.

"Hold your tongue, you young dog," hissed Mr. Lincoln, realizing that he had betrayed himself.

"Jack, is this true?" asked Edwin. "I am glad of it, indeed I am."

"Edwin! What are you saying?" demanded Mr. Lincoln with a dark look at his son.

"I said I was glad that a person who has been unjustly treated is about to receive his just dues; besides, father, we have plenty without this estate. Now we won't care to stay here and have the neighbors asking all kinds of questions, so we will go to England for a time," said Edwin.

"Do you think I will give up this place as meek as a mouse, you young fool!" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln.

"Father you might as well. You know the force that will would have in court, besides the world would know of our family secret," argued Edwin.

At last Mr. Lincoln decided to follow his son's advice.

CHAPTER IV.

The neighbors received the surprising news a few months later that Mr. Lincoln had sold his estate to a California gentleman and had sailed with his family to England, where they expected to reside for several years.

They were also surprised to learn that the new owner was the father of Jack Wells, the young man who had just passed the lawyer's examination and whom several had met as a guest at Mr. Lincoln's home.

"Well, Grace, how did you get along without me?" asked Jack, a few days later as he was showing his sisters over the estate.

"How would we have got along if you hadn't come back here, you had better ask, Jack dear," said Grace.

"Just think what we won by Jack's accepting the first one who proposed to him," laughed May.

Thus Jack's dream of a southern home was realized.

A Sonnet to Vaca Valley.

CLARENCE DAVIS, '14.

Our Vaca Valley, in the years long past,
Was ruled by many ancient Kings of Spain,
And later by a lordly Mexic thane;
These rancho rulers but short time did last;
Then came the war and Mex'can rule was past,
For our United States now had the reign,
The people of the East took up their claim,
And from these pioneers came strength that fast
Has made our fertile land so beautiful,
Where orchard broad and vineyards wide do grow
That bear through all these years so bountiful.
And 'mong these pleasant groves the clear streams flow;
This valley yields to some their food,—their due,
And to the hundreds more does wealth accrue.

The Legend of Lagunita.

ALMA NELSON, '14.

CHE valley was one of those beautiful spots which are found in Central California. It was small and almost completely surrounded by hills, having just two narrow passes—one at the northern and one at the southern end. The fact that the valley was especially fertile was proven by the tall, waving grass and the groups of stately trees. Almost in the center of this scene lay a small lake which was supplied with water by a little winding creek. At a distance of perhaps half a mile from the western shore of the lake was a picturesque Indian village. Its wigwams were arranged in an orderly manner, while near at hand was a spring of clear, cool water and a large stone mill.

The inhabitants of this village were less numerous than those of any neighboring tribe. For this reason, as well as the fact that the valley was an extremely desirable possession, they were constantly at war with other nations, but thus far had been able to hold their own. However, it was easily seen that this could not continue much longer, for the tribe of Ulatis—the nearest neighbor on the north,—was constantly becoming more dangerous.

As a last desperate effort, it was decided to surprise the enemy's camp and inflict so severe a defeat that the Ulatis Indians would no longer bother them. Accordingly, the largest force of warriors possible was mustered, and, with the greatest secrecy, the start for Vaca Valley—the home of the enemy—was made. In order to be particularly sure of success, they had delayed starting until evening and had first sent out a strong force of scouts. Nothing which would make failure impossible was neglected.

It was only natural that foremost among the scouts should be Great Eagle, the son of the chief. He was one of those young men who seem to be the especial favorites of fortune. He was handsome, popular—and what was considered to be of more importance, courageous. It was he who led the young men in all adventures and he had more trophies of such scrimmages than any other youth. Altogether, he was all that a future chief should be.

This night, as he silently hurried along, his thoughts were greatly troubled. As a result of an earlier adventure in the enemy's valley, he had seen a startling beautiful maiden. She was so beautiful that even he could not have done justice to her appearance. Surely, he could not be blamed for falling in love with her. And better than that, he knew that she had not been repelled by himself and a hasty look into her eyes had told him that she also loved him. By some skillful questioning he had learned that she was the only child of the chief and that her name was Lagunita. While it was apparently impossible for him to love and win her—yet, who knew what might happen? Now, his peo-

ple were deliberately going to surprise her village and to kill all the tribe. What should he do? Should he turn traitor and thus save Lagunita or should he lose her forever?

While debating this question with himself, Great Eagle had reached the outskirts of the village. Everything was silent, as he had expected it to be. As he paused, the others came up, and in almost inaudible whispers, he told them to go back to the main body to report that all was quiet. He himself would remain on guard. Then when he was certain that they were gone, Great Eagle turned and glided noiselessly into the village.

In thus deliberately walking into the very jaws of death, Great Eagle's idea was that he would, at least, die with the girl he loved. As he went on, still undiscovered, it suddenly occurred to him that he might warn her and persuade her to leave with him before the battle commenced. Thus inspired by a new hope, he went on to the chief's lodge. There to his intense surprise, was Lagunita at the door. In a few intense words the situation was explained to her. She murmured a few words of assent to his plan and then guided him out of the village. They set out in a southerly direction, being careful to avoid the oncoming warriors.

In the meanwhile, the village had been surprised and the defeat of the Ulatis Indians was even worse than was hoped. The victorious tribe returned home jubilantly.

However, in the midst of the celebration, the absence of Great Eagle was noted. A searching party was sent out. Their horror and sorrow was great indeed, when they found the dead body of Great Eagle on the lake shore and beside him that of an exceptionally beautiful maiden. The maiden was recognized as Lagunita, the daughter of the chief of Ulatis Indians.

And so, in after years when the tale was told, the lake was referred to as the Lake of Lagunita. And though at the present time the lake no longer exists, it is still called so.



DRAMATICS

L. M. REESE, '13.

The student body, following the custom established a couple of years ago, gave a play this year. The Masque of Pandora, by Henry W. Longfellow, was selected for presentation on May 2. The character of the play differed entirely from all others ever presented by the school. A Masque calls for good acting, since it depends upon scenic effect more than character development for its production. A well chosen cast and faithful work on their part combined to produce a play which was a credit to the school. A great part of the success of the play was due to the time and energy spent by Miss Harriet Twombley, the science teacher, in drilling the cast and directing the work. Aside from the fact that the play was a financial success, those taking part felt that their time had been well spent and that the experience was well worth the work and trouble. The intermission between acts was filled in by musical talent from the school.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Pandora.....	Margaret Steiger
Epimetheus.....	Leo Max Reese
Prometheus (his brother).....	James McCrory
Hermes (messenger of the gods).....	Victor Wallen
Hephaestus (god of the forge).....	Leo Max Reese
Voice of Zeus (Father of the gods).....	Avory Fry

CHORUSES

(In the order of their first appearance or speaking)

Graces (Scene 1)—

Aglaia.....	Goldie Randall
Thalia.....	Velma Eddy
Euphrosyne.....	Gladys Hinman

Eumenides (the Fates) Scene 3—

Lachesis.....	Ruby Phillips
Atropos.....	Jessie Coulter
Clotho.....	Mabel Norton

Chorus of Birds (Scene 5)—Misses Annie Dennis, Jewel Dennis, Loa Reninger, Jennette Rockwell, Madelaine Kowanda, Alice Simma.

Chorus of Reeds (Scene 5)—Misses Goldie Randall, Annie Dennis, Lolita Wight, Hazel Merchant, Marjory Allen.

Zephyrus (the Westwind), Scene 6.....Walter Stark

Dreams from the Ivory Gate (Scene 6)—Misses Marjory Allen, Hazel Merchant, Lolita Wight, Ruth Fotheringham, Alice Simma.

Dreams from the Gate of Horn (Scene 6)—Misses Dottie Nicol, Loa Reninger, Gladys Hinman, Jessie Coulter.

FRESHMAN NOTES

GEORGE BUCKINGHAM, '16.

The Sophomores made good their promise of last year as to their reception of the incoming class. Instead of the customary ducking and removing of hair pins, rats, etc., they welcomed us with an entertainment.



The reception in honor of the Freshmen was held September 20th in the Assembly Hall. The room was decorated with willow boughs, streamers and pennants. The program consisted of an instrumental solo by Miss Jessie Coulter, followed by a vocal solo by Miss Helen Hendricks. Provision had been made for an informal dance and also games. The more adept of the Freshies endeavored to dance, and did so very gracefully. Such simple games as "Pit" and "Flinch" were provided for amusements, as they were calculated not to overtax the still undeveloped mind. The reception was greatly enjoyed by all present.



The Freshmen made a good showing in Athletics. Dobbins, Christopher and Borges, representing the boys in baseball, while Miss Fotheringham represented the girls in basketball.



In the early part of November a class election was held. Stanley Dobbins was elected President, and Pearle Hinman, Vice-President.



The entering class numbered thirty-six, the majority of them being girls. This may be the reason why certain Sophomore boys make the Freshman room their "Hanging out Place."



The Freshmen greatly appreciated the fair treatment accorded by the upper-classmen and will, without doubt, treat the next Freshman class with a still greater degree of gentleness.

ALUMNI NOTES

HELEN HARBISON, '12.

Edna and Willa Marshall, '06, were married early this year to Ralph and Walter Schaefer, business men of Vacaville.



Elise Buckingham and Mabel Christopher, '11, and Fay Watson, '12, are freshmen at the University of California. Rhoda Buckingham of the same class is studying music with Frederick Maurer, the well-known piano teacher of Berkeley.



Gladys Chambers, '12, is with the firm of Schroeder & Frahm, as book-keeper.



Marie Derby, '10, recently became the bride of Laurens Killingsworth, '09.



Helen Harbison and Hazel Meyers, of the class of '12, have been taking graduate work this year.



Mintie Perry, '12, was married to Lester Parker soon after her graduation. Another bride of the same class is Mrs. Michael Heaney, who was Miss Beulah Wheeler Petty.



Abbie Lurvey, '12, has completed her business course at the Oakland Polytechnic.



Cornelia Watson, '05, married, last November, A. P. Finan, a local physician.



Belle Hagerty, '08, is taking her first year of domestic science at Mills College.



Edna March, '11, has a position in the store of O. H. Allison of Elmira.



Ione Garnett, '04, was married on May 10, to Sumner Raney of Lemoore, California.



We are pleased to learn that Grace Denton, '04, will become a member of our faculty next term.



ALMA NELSON '14.

The annual Freshman reception was held on Friday evening, September 20th, at the High School. The assembly hall was decorated in an appropriate manner with banners and greens. A program consisting of the following numbers was given:

Piano Solo	- - - - -	Loa Reninger
Vocal Solo	- - - - -	Helen Hendricks
Piano Solo	- - - - -	Pearle Williams.
Address by the Faculty.		



After the program the incoming Freshies were initiated in various ways and were permitted to play games, while the more dignified upper classmen danced.



The Senior class was organized at the first of the year and the following officers were elected: President, Margaret Steiger; Vice-President, Mabel Norton; Secretary, Avory Fry. Unfortunately the class failed to agree on the subject of class-pins, and so, with one exception, have no time honored emblem to show their loyalty to the High. However, the graduates of the Commercial department have shown themselves more progressive and are wearing their pins conspicuously.

The High School students were entertained by the Christian Endeavorers at the Annex, on September 13, 1912. An interesting program was enjoyed by all, after which the time was pleasantly spent in games.



The Forum Society was organized the second semester for the purpose of acquiring practice in parliamentary law and debating. The meetings have been held every Tuesday, the first and third meetings of the month being devoted to practice in parliamentary law, and the second and fourth to programs consisting of orations and debates. The political convention especially proved interesting and instructive to the members and the visitors.



Lincoln Day was observed by a special program in the morning and a half holiday in the afternoon.



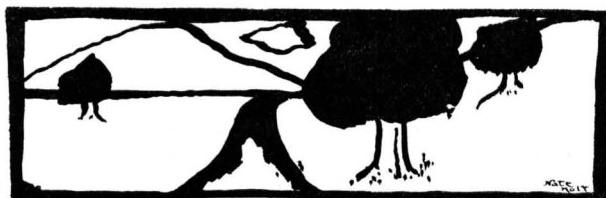
Dr. Thomas, of the University of California, visited on April 9th. His appearance caused some fear and trembling (?) among the students, but this was evidently unwarranted as the school has been duly accredited.

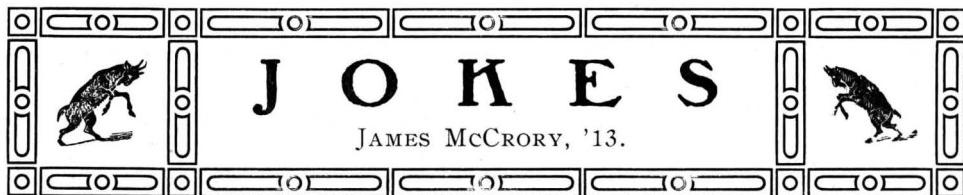


A dance was given on Friday evening, April 11th, after the basketball game with the Armijo girls. It was well attended and every one, including the visiting girls, had a jolly good time.



The girls of the Forum went to Sacramento, Saturday, April 19th, to visit the Legislature. The morning was spent at the capitol and the afternoon in visiting other places of interest. The girls gained some practical knowledge and incidentally had a jolly good time.





JOKES

JAMES McCRRORY, '13.

Gladys (glad is) Hinman when McCoy is near, but Edward Holcomb (hol-comes) around once in awhile, which causes Harvey to exclaim, "Jiminy Christopher, this Bayne hard luck." Goldie Randall (ran all) the way from Elmira to see what the noise was about, and Jessie Rose to meet her. Some one shouted put the Detective on the track, and John said "Ditto."



We might give our Nicol to a Merchant to pay for a Dresser (dress or) two which we Owen (own) that have not yet been paid for.



Oh! That some Burbank of the West,
Would patent, make, or sell,
An onion with an onion taste,
But with a violet smell.



Ethel Miller (Chemistry III)—Dalton discovered the law of conversation (conservation) of matter.



Ben said: "Just because I took a fancy to Pearl is no sign that I am fond of Jewell."



LOVE'S WAYS.

Into Turner's life she tripped,
Slender waisted, scarlet lipped,
With a tender, glancing eye;
Ah! so graceful and so shy.
Then she thought: "How can there be
Harm in one so fair as he,"
Perhaps it was a loving note that
So completely got her goat
Or perhaps a Hand above,
Anyway they fell in love.



OVERHEARD.

(First Student)—I bet it will rain May day.

(Second Student)—Yes, I think so as May day comes early this year.

Victor W. (in physical geography)—“Miss Twombley, I read in the paper that a hen laid a square egg.”

George B.—“I can beat that. I know of a hen that ate sawdust and layed a knot hole.”



QUERIES.

Why has Victor a Skirt guard on his motor bike?

Who stole Stanley B's clothes brush?

Where did Turner get the laugh?



Stanley B. (in geometry)—“Say, Prof, I have no book. May I sit with some boob?”

Prof.—“Sit with yourself.”



WHAT WOULD HAPPEN—

If Helen J. should come to school on time?

If Max should wear a hat?

If Russel couldn't make somebody laugh?

If “Fat” should get thin?

If Goldie was Silvery?

If Clemmie should wear a full skirt?

If Velma should forget to primp?



CLASS ROOM ETIQUETTE.

Come in late if possible and wear your best look, because then you'll be seen to the best advantage.

Never bring note book paper to class, you can borrow it from your friends, which is much cheaper.

Throw ink and paper on the floor for the school has a janitor for the express purpose of cleaning it up.

If you haven't got your lesson start an argument to kill time.

Always ride a pony through Latin recitation and you'll get your credit easy.

Try to avoid queening in the class rooms—reserve that for the assembly room at recess.

Avoid queening in the halls where you might be seen; work a teacher for a key and go in the library.—Exchange.



Blakey's feet, they haul him around the halls,
They hoist him up the stairs,
He only has to steer them
And they take him everywheres.

They sat on the sofa in the living room. It was the evening after the game. All was tensely still; suddenly he spoke: "What would you do if I should try to kiss you?" he asked. "Well, I guess I'd whistle for a try," she answered, puckering her lips, and the phonograph played Lights Out.—Exchange.



HARDIBUS FATEBUS.

Boyibus kissibus
Sweeta girlorum,
Girlibus likibus,
Wanta somorum;
Pateribus pueribus
Enter parlorum,
Kickibus pueribus,
Exit doorum,
Nightibus darkibus,
Nonnus lamporum,
Climbibus fencibus,
Breechibus torum.

—Exchange.



There are microbes in kisses, the scientists say,
Which knowledge to Velma no terror brings.
I really don't know, but if what she says is so,
They are awfully tasty little things.



Miss C. (in Hist. IV)—"Can any one suggest a topic concerning the fly."
Geo. A.—"Income Tax."



Leo Max (in Hist. IV, absentmindedly)—"Miss Campbell, I have your heart." (Hart's U. S. History).

Miss C.—"Oh, I thought I handed you a lemon last night."



One of the physical geography class (examining Dresser's hair through a microscope)—"It looks like a copper wire."



Just because Gladys can Nay (neigh) is no sign that Mamie can Brewer (brew her) own tea, and that Avory can Fry meat without burning it.



Mrs. Bassford—"Clemmie, why are you sewing so much lately?"
Clemmie—"Oh, I heard Stanley say that he was going to get a new muf-fler for his machine and I thought I would make him one and surprise him."

Miss T. (in physical geography)—Mr. Buckingham give an instance to show that animals have reason.

Geo. B.—The other day my dog was chasing a chicken and when he saw me coming he beat it. I intended to give him a beating, and he had reason to believe it would hurt.

Miss T. (severely)—“What do you mean by ‘beat it’ ”?

Geo. B.—To put an egg in your shoe, skiddo, hit the road, or fade away.

Miss T.—“Now Mr. B. repeat that recitation correctly.”

Geo. B. (waving his hand dramatically)—“The other day my dog was annoying a chicken, when he espied me in the distance. He hesitated a moment—then with swift and springy footsteps he fled to the “beet patch.” I preambled around for an hour or so and then gave up the chase. The next morning my dog returned to get some food for use in his digestive organs. He had a special sense, my anger had subsided and he escaped his cruel punishment.



Miss T., explaining that Mr. R. received the chair of the college.

Geo. B.—“Does every one who comes into the college have a chair or do they stand up?”

Miss T.—Explaining the chair of Professorship.

George—“Oh, I see. The rest have desks.”



The class was speaking of diseases in food.

George B. (looking at Gladys Crawford)—“Miss Twombley, is there any harm in crawfishes?”

Miss T. (decidedly)—“There is.”



During Mr. Manuel’s absence from his store, it has been reported that Avory Fry looked after everything very faithfully, and it is said he watered the artificial palm every day trying to keep it growing during the owner’s absence.





GIRL'S *Athletics*

PEARLE WILLIAMS, '13.

The Girls' Association was organized in September, 1912. Dottie Nicol was elected manager and Pearle Williams captain.

On the whole, the season has been a successful one for the Vacaville girls, they having won three games out of six. The games lost were excellent games and we were not discouraged by the defeat. The first game of the season was played with Dixon on their court, late in September. It was an interesting game and ended with Vacaville victorious by a score of 17-10. The Vacaville line-up was:

Forwards—Gladys Crawford, Pearle Williams.

Centers—Dottie Nicol, Alice Duncan.

Guards—Clemmie January, Elena Waggoner, Ethel Miller.

The next game was played with Woodland, on our court in the Annex. We did not have much hope of winning this game as our visitors were veterans and well we knew their skill. In this game the Vacaville guards did creditable work. The game was fast and Woodland led from start to finish, and showed excellent team work. The final score was 26-10 in favor of Woodland.

In November the Vacaville team, accompanied by J. B. Ely, our coach, and Miss Esther Sharpe, referee and chaperon, journey to Vallejo, where a splendid game was played in the evening. The first half ended with Vallejo decidedly in the lead by a score of 8-0. The second half started out with vim and proved very exciting, Vacaville's team work began to assert itself and the forwards located the basket. In the end the score stood 15-10 in favor of Vallejo. After the game Vallejo gave Vacaville a good time at the rink, and the next day took the team on a trip to Mare Island. It was enjoyed and appreciated.

Two weeks later Vallejo came to Vacaville and the game was played in the Annex. This was one of the most exciting games of the season. Both teams were now evenly matched in team work, but Vacaville had hard luck in goal throwing. Although Vacaville was in the lead at the close of the first half, the final score was 17-12 in Vallejo's favor. Vallejo showed good team work and ability to throw goals. In this game Helena Schmidt took the position of guard,

played by Elena Waggoner, who had to give up basket ball, and we regretted her loss. It was Helena's first game and she proved her ability to play and took her place on the team.

This was our last game until long after the Christmas holidays, during which time we lost our coach, Mr. J. B. Ely, who had taken the principalship at Antioch. We regretted the loss of a sincere friend, coach and teacher, whose skillful coaching and valuable help made us a team. Miss Harriet Twombley took the vacant place, but owing to the newness of the work and the demand for her attention to the high school play, we had to depend largely on ourselves.

Armijo was our next victory. The game was called at 8 o'clock in Majestic hall, in Fairfield. Vacaville led from the beginning. At the close of the first half the score was 8-4 in our favor. In the second half the Armijo forwards had a good eye for the basket and the final score was 9-8, with a close victory for Vacaville. In this game the centers proved themselves to be in good condition and played an excellent game. After the game Armijo gave Vacaville free passes to the rink and we enjoyed ourselves immensely.

Later, in March, Armijo came to Vacaville and an exciting game was witnessed. Vacaville was Armijo's superior in team work and was constantly cheered for her clever passes. The Vacaville forwards made goals from almost any position on their court. Owing to the illness of Clemmie January, Minnie Duncan, a grammar school pupil, played in her place and put up an excellent game. We regretted the loss of our guard and were sorry to play without her. Helena, with her usual quickness, closely guarded the back forward and Minnie proved her ability to jump by pulling down all the high plays, and they played well together. After the game a high school dance was held in Armory hall in honor of our visitors. There was a large attendance and it proved a pleasant and enjoyable evening.

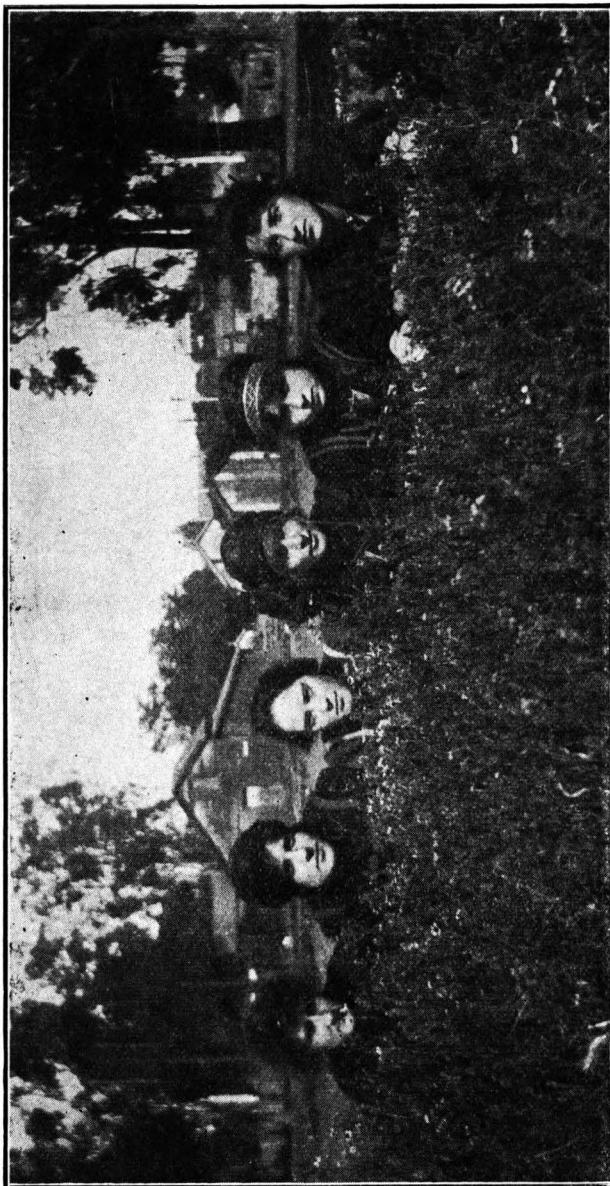
Vacaville had the opening game with Sacramento, but we had to cancel it.

We challenged Winters, but they had not organized, so we did not secure a game with them.

We also challenged Dixon to a return, but owing to difficulties in securing a hall we could not play.

CALISTHENICS.

Under the supervision of Miss Laura Owen calisthenics was given a regular place this year among school activities. Owing to the lack of a suitable gymnasium connected with the school the progress of the work was somewhat impeded by the difficulty experienced in securing a permanent place to meet. However, a large percentage of the girls have no small interest in making this pleasant diversion from their studies well worth while, and we hope it is only a start toward realizing greater possibilities.



GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM.

READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—DOTTY NICOL, CLEMIE JANUARY, MARGERY ALLEN, ALICE DUNCAN
PEARLE WILLIAMS, GLADYS CRAWFORD



BOYS' ATHLETICS

LELAND TURNER, '14.

With the revival of interest in all forms of athletic activities, occasioned by the very creditable performances of the preceeding year, came the formation, September 11, 1912, of a student association as the governing board for both boys' and girls' athletics. All high school students were eligible for membership, the only requisite being the payment of small monthly dues toward the general fund. The officers chosen to serve throughout the year were Avory Fry, president; Clemmie January, vice-president; James McCrory, secretary; Margaret Steiger, treasurer.

BASEBALL

The baseball season opened with a game at Vacaville, Saturday, September 12, with Armijo Union High School. Uhl, our pitcher, was in good condition, and, as a result, we won the best-played game of the season, the final score being 5 to 1.

The second game of the season was played the following Saturday, September 19, at Suisun, against Armijo high. This time the "Slough City" boys had an easy time of it, walking away with the long end of a 12 to 7 score.

The next game took place on the home grounds, between the first of a "best 2 out of 3 games" series, with the Dixon high school. Our boys had been enjoying a short vacation and were in no form to play; especially was this so in the case of Uhl, our mainstay, who was palpably unfit for the arduous work of the boxman. When the nine long innings were over, and the dust had cleared away, we found Dixon triumphantly leaving the grounds with the big end of a 14 to 3 score tucked away in the rear section of their machine.

The following Saturday found nine determined young men, with several of the "weaker sex" as guardians, in the camp of their hereditary opponents.

All was in readiness for their reception, and at the termination of a little social session, they returned faithfully home to mamma. The score? Ah! let me see—yes, 9 to 6, in favor of Dixon.

This marked the last game of a decidedly unsuccessful season. It was as well; basketball time was at hand and the team disbanded to allow the formation of the basketball team.

The baseball line-up follows: Oscar Garlichs, manager and catcher; Frank Gonsalves, captain and left-field; Edwin Uhl, pitcher; Earl Montgomery, 1st base; William Burton, 2nd base; Harvey McCoy, 3rd base; Stanley Dobbins, short-stop; Frank Hinman, center-field; Charles Burton, right-field, with Borges and Wallen, substitutes.

BASKETBALL

With the advent of November came the basketball season. This began with a double-header at Dixon; the girls being victorious, the boys losing by a score of 41 to 27.

The next Saturday, November 9, Benicia came to town. They came, they saw—but did not conquer. Instead they departed silently the next morning, vanquished by a score of 47 to 13.

November 16 saw the advent of the Vallejo team. The boys from the bay city were fast and understood the game thoroughly, but they did not have the weight to compete with our boys, and consequently they lost a well-played game by a score of 13 to 27.

The evening of the 23rd found the Armijo boys in Vacaville ready for the fray. By no stretch of the imagination could the "contest" that followed be termed a basketball game. After the slaughter was over and a rapid accountant had tabulated the result, the Armijo lads found that they had been overwhelmed by a 75 to 24 score.

December 13 brought the Young Men's Institute team from Vallejo to compete with our husky warriors. The resulting game was the best of the season. After an exciting battle the Vallejoites succeeded in annexing the game, the score being 25 to 19.

December 20th Vacaville and Winters played on the home grounds. This was a repetition of the game with the Armijo high, the score being 50 to 12 in Vacaville's favor.

The following Saturday, December 27th, came the return game with the Dixon high school. This game was marked by the most brazen attempt at robbery, on the part of the Dixon referee, ever witnessed on the local court. In the face of these odds the locals managed to win the game by the close score of 19 to 17.

Shortly after this came the loss of our able coach, Prof. J. B. Ely, who had done so much towards fostering athletics in the year and a half he had been with us. But one more game was played. This was with the Sacramento

high school, one of the strongest teams in the state. Without the guidance of the coach our team was powerless and Sacramento won an easy victory to the tune of 58 to 19.

The season, on a whole, was very satisfactory, the Vacaville team having won five out of six games with county high school teams. The other two games were lost to teams which were accounted among the very best in the state.

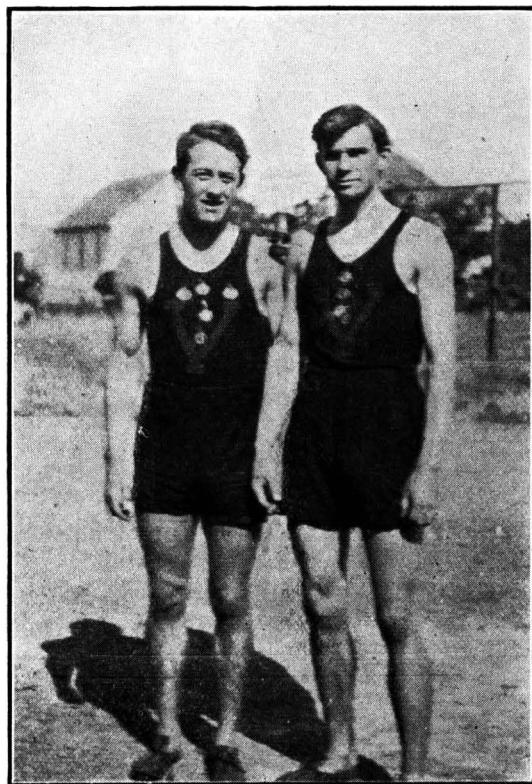
The members composing the team were—Harvey McCoy, captain and manager; Earl Montgomery, guard; Oscar Garlichs, center; Stanley Dobbins and Edwin Uhl, forwards; with Stanley Blake, George Allen and Avory Fry, substitutes.

TRACK

The annual track and field meet of the Solano County Athletic League was held at Dixon on May 3rd. Six entries were sent in from this school, but of these only three competed, Oscar Garlichs, Harvey McCoy and John Gonsalves. The latter, a member of the Freshmen class, who entered for the experience, did not score. The performances of the two former, however, were without a parallel in the annals of athletics in this county. They were looked upon, not only by outsiders but by members of their own school as rank outsiders. In spite of this they succeeded in capturing third place from other schools who had from six to ten entries, scoring between them twenty-one points. Not content with this, they tied two county records—McCoy going 10 ft. 4 in. in the pole vault and Garlichs putting the shot 42 ft. 4 in. As they are both members of the Sophomore class they should develop into athletes of the highest caliber before the close of their high school course.

TENNIS

The annual tennis tournament of the S. C. A. L. was held on the local courts May 10th. Vacaville was represented by the full quota of contestants, but neither the boys nor the girls were able to secure any points, the championship and cup being won by the Benicia high school.



READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—HARVEY MCCOY, OSCAR GARLICHES

EXCHANGES

MARGARET STEIGER, '13.

We have found the custom of exchanging magazines with other high schools a most excellent one. It not only brings us in touch with other schools, and shows us what they are accomplishing, but also subjects us to helpful criticism, which is very beneficial to our paper. Our own faults are never so apparent to us as they are to others, so outside criticism is necessary to keep us up to the standard which we should maintain.

The principal requirements for a good journal are neat and attractive cover and cuts; paper of good quality; clear printing; bright, original material; and departments well worked out and carefully systematised, with the pages numbered and indexed, and advertising matter grouped together in the back. We have tried to criticise the exchanges that have been sent to us on this standard, and show our sister schools where, in our estimation, they have fallen below it.

We are firm believers in the idea that encouragement is worth as much as criticism, so we endeavor to make the most of all good qualities.

The following exchanges have been received and we hope that our criticisms of them will be taken, as they are given, in a spirit of good will and helpfulness:



"The Echo," Lincoln. We would like to see more papers like you. Your cuts and photographs are especially excellent. Your literary department is good and your material well arranged. You are an interesting paper all around and well up to the standard. Keep up the good work.



"Delphic Echo," Dinuba. A better grade of paper would improve the looks of your journal, and it would have shown better system had the "Dramatics" all been grouped in one section. Your literary department makes up in quality what it lacks in quantity, the prize stories being well worthy of mention. The cover is very effective and the use of so many photographs adds interest to the paper.



"The Porcupine," Reedley. You seem to represent a live school. Your news department is interesting and its arrangement original. The cover design is especially good. A fly leaf and a better grade of paper would give a more pleasing first impression.



"The Golden Bear," Sonoma. You are very interesting, Golden Bear. Your joshes are especially witty and your literary department is among the

best we have received. We compliment you on the good material you have in it. Inserting more cuts and extending your departments would improve you.



"The Dawn," Esparto. Your material is interesting and well arranged, and your various departments good. Your stories might be improved upon, but you are altogether a very neat and attractive paper.



"The Poppy," Winters. One of the best exchanges we have received. The joshes are snappy, the literary department well worked out, and the general arrangement is very pleasing. The paper presents a most artistic appearance.





EDITORIAL STAFF



AVORY FRY, '13, EDITOR.

MABEL NORTON, '13, ASSISTANT EDITOR.



DEPARTMENT EDITORS



LOLA NORTON, Literary.

HELEN HARBISON, Alumni.

ALMA NELSON, School Notes.

MARGARET STEIGER, Exchanges.

LELAND TURNER, Boys' Athletics.

PEARLE WILLIAMS, Girls' Athletics.

LEO REESE, Dramatics.

GEO. BUCKINGHAM, Freshman.

JAMES McCRORY, Joshes.



BUSINESS STAFF



LELAND TURNER, Business Manager.



Editorials

Of the contents of this magazine much will probably be said by the chronic critic not altogether flattering. Again we trust that the search of the sympathetic optimist will be rewarded by exactly what he is searching for—something worth while. We are quite as willing to admit our frailties as to receive praise. However, to him who prefers to search for worth, as to his brother of opposite temperament, we wish to suggest that possibly the magazine which best performs its part is not the one that presents the most striking appearance, by virtue of superior literary quality, or elaborate decorations, any more than does a statesman represent his constituents by adorning his person with a broadcloth suit and a diamond ring, but rather the one that reflects the school-life, presents its unconscious production, and publishes its response to the appeal of the editors.

 ¶ ¶ ¶

Through all the years I have been associated with this school, delighting in its prosperity, and regretting its occasional turmoils, I have never known a time so blest with peace and mutual good will. Beaming from the "Administration," it is reflected at least in part back to its source,—desire for co-operation. Surely the school speaks through me when I say, "Long live the faculty,—but longest, Professor Stoddard."

 ¶ ¶ ¶

A Forensics course was listed in our curriculum this year. Resulting from its study a debating society, "The Forum," was formed, furnishing an opportunity every Thursday morning for violent orators to compete with singers—next room. The class held a national convention and nominated a president of the United States, attended the state legislature in session and held numerous debates. If the present generation learns enough logic, the next generation will be compelled to study more of it, and consequently learn fewer things that are impracticable. Perhaps not so much the material from which the knowledge is drawn is at fault, as the miscellaneous style in which it is drawn. I do not mean to imply that the old system is all wrong, nor that my suggestion contains nothing to be criticised. I only ask in behalf of the future student, why should he not be allowed to give one day to one study, the next day to another study, and so on until he has finished his fourth and is ready again to start

on the first? I believe I am allowing ample time to any student in which to complete his high school course, when I estimate that two years would be sufficient to complete the work now done in four years. It would make his chance one to one, instead of one to four. Imagine a man serving as the cashier of a bank from 9 a. m. to 9:45; from thence to hurry into a neighboring butcher shop and sell meat until 10:30; to then enter a drug store and fill prescriptions until 11:45; then rush up a flight of stairs and fill teeth until 12. Moreover, to keep a strict account of everything he had done.



On every Tuesday morning of this term, during a period from 11:30 to 12, those desiring instruction in part singing, met our kind and sympathetic music director, Mrs. K. F. M. Cleaves, in the music room, and pursued harmony and fled from discord. A like period was given to music again on Thursday, at which the entire school might join their voices. Our honorable school board has lately decided to discontinue this feature. This action was the result of the observation that no small percentage of the school members sat during this period with apathetic eyelids and half open mouth from which there came no sound. Perhaps the board attributed this unbecoming attitude to a lack of interest in the study of music. Perhaps the board was right. I should prefer to hold that the silent ones hushed to listen to others; that their modesty ruled; that their motive was wholly unselfish, and commendable. But while we regret the loss of this pleasant diversion from our school duties, we mourn the departing of Mrs. Cleaves. "To know her was to love her."



The manager of this magazine is glad of this opportunity to thank those who so kindly bought our advertising section. We trust our readers will be quite as considerate of our advertisers as they were of the school. They make this feature of the school possible. We wish them success.



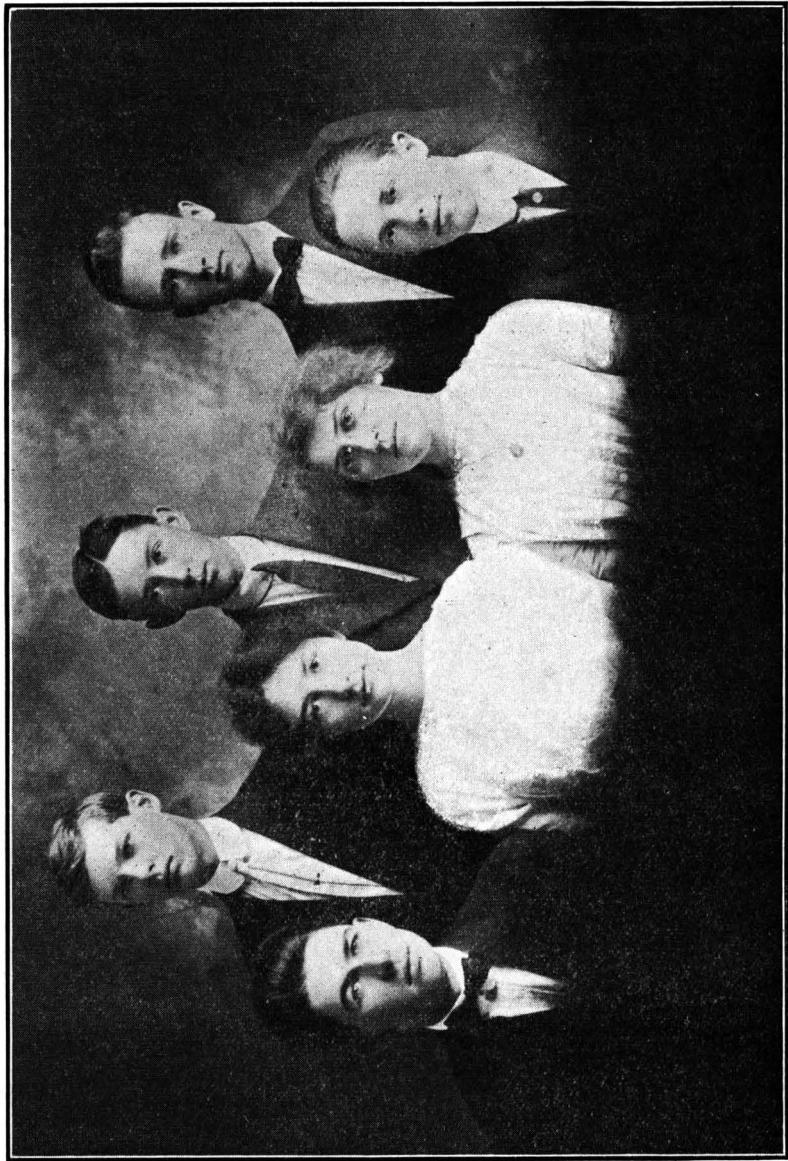
The replacement of the chairs in the assembly room with stationary desks last fall, filled a long felt want in the school, as did the decorations on the walls of several of the rooms. The pupils appreciate the added conveniences and wish to express their gratitude for the thoughtfulness of the board.



To the members of the school whose contributions appear in the magazine, we are grateful. To those whose contributions were not accepted, allow me to suggest that they have little to discourage them, when they remember that Flaubert, the master of Guy de Maupassant, for seven years, daily destroyed the manuscripts which his pupil prepared, admonishing him to do better.



We take this method of notifying our readers that a mistake has been made in the advertisement from Geo. A. Arnold. The dissolution of the partnership which had existed for so long a time between Mr. Arnold and Mr. Bugbee, did not occur until after that part of the advertising section had been sent to press; hence this apology. The ad should read simply "Geo. A. Arnold," instead of "Arnold & Bugbee," as printed.



SENIORS

READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, TOP ROW—JAMES McCRORY, BENJAMIN NEWELL, LEO REESE,
BOTTOM ROW—AVORY FRY, MARGARET STEGER, MABEL NORTON, GEORGE ALLEN

CLASS POEM

MABEL NORTON, '13.

As slow our ships their foamy tracks
Against the wind is cleaving,
Our trembling thoughts still turn back
To this dear place we're leaving.
So loth we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts as on we race
To the scenes we leave behind us.

When think we of our long school years
We talk with joyous seeming,
With smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming.
For mem'ry brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
And all the happy hours we've spent
In the scenes we leave behind us.

As travelers look back at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon the light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing,
So, at the close of our high school days,
Which fortune hath consigned us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of the scenes we leave behind us.



COMMERCIAL SENIORS

READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—LOA RENINGER, ELMA MAHLER, ALICE DUNCAN, PEARLE WILLIAMS
WILLIAM BURTON, STEPHEN ROLOFF

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM



Invocation - - - - REV. A. A. DOAK
Piano Duet - - - - MISSSES WATSON AND CHANDLER
Salutatory - - - - MISS MARGARET STEIGER
Mantle Oration - - - - GEORGE W. ALLEN
Response - - - - MISS RUBY PHILLIPS
Vocal Solo - - - - MRS. K. F. M. CLEAVES
Address - - - - REV. WILLIAM RADER, D. D.
Vocal Solo - - - - MISS ALDA McBRIDE
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Miss T. (in Chem).—"Mabel, what is hard water?"
Mabel N.—"Ice."

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